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MEMORIAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

John Albion Andrew Monument Association,

AT

HINGHAM, OCTOBER 8, 1875.

BY

HORACE BINNEY SARGENT.

BOSTON:
PRESS OF ROCKWELL AND CHURCHILL,
No. 39 ARCH STREET.
1875.

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"Sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind."

Cut in imperishable stone over the graves at Lexington, these words, that we have often heard from John Albion Andrew's lips, are his best eulogy. Those lips, whose teachings were so ringing with the truth that their echo thrills the nation's ear, to-day, in all her purposes of vigorous honesty and peace, are dust. The earth of this old town holds to her mother heart all of him that could die.

For years a little image of the flag that he defended has marked his grave. True hearts of friends and kindred, who have ever loved him, true hearts of soldiers, who have ever blessed him for the blessing which he gave to them when he sent them forth to fight for country, not for State, have let him rest in peace, without the sound of hammer or chisel to mar his grand repose. The hour has come to raise a memorial of his resting-place and fame. A gallant regiment has reminded us of a duty to the future unperformed.

Gifts from soldiers, gifts for regiments and batteries, gifts from sailors, make this a tribute of manly reverence. A crippled soldier's tearful words, accompanying the single dime that left him penniless, proclaim a love like that which glorified the widow's mite, and was rewarded with the praise, "She hath given more than they all."

With grateful hearts, the wedded service of land and sea, the army and the navy, now dedicate this monument to liberty and the rights of mankind.

Because of Governor Andrew's distinctive qualities, not likely to be confused by history with those of any other statesman whom New England has produced, this memorial has received the form of a statuesque likeness of the man. The survivors of the regiments whose last farewells of home are welded with the memory of the massive figure, the youthful face, the cheerful smile, and the determined bearing of the great War-Governor of Massachusetts, as he stood on the granite steps of the State House, bidding us God-speed to the field, would recall that proud and tender memory. We would that our children's children should know him as we remember him, and learn to love him, too.

In the garden cemetery of this ancient town, and by the side of his grave — for on it no "sad sepulchral stone" should press — his statue looks upon the

rising sun. Leader among the shadowy hosts of your beautiful and brave, who passed at his trumpet call through the agony of their glory, he stands advanced before the soldiers' monument.

How fitting that this martyr to the eternal vigilance of Liberty should rest in the old town where the first signer of the Declaration of American Independence — John Hancock — opened his baby eyes! When, also, I remember that during the war of the rebellion, with its nights of vigil and its days burdened with all the civil duties of an executive; seven inaugural and valedictory addresses, exhaustive of many subjects; thirteen veto messages, many of them with elaborate law arguments; ninety special messages; the patient and critical, verbal as well as legal, examination and discussion of one thousand eight hundred and fifteen acts and resolves; innumerable speeches and addresses on many subjects and in many places; all of these civil duties added to the overwhelming cares of a War-Minister, as well as ruler — in war time — when all the offices of the State House were overflowing with infinite inquiry, complaint and diplomacy that were involved in the rapid and constant recruitment of one hundred and sixty thousand men; the State House being like a camp with going and returning troops, — when I reflect on this, and remember, that during all these

Titanic years of toil which were bearing Governor Andrew surely to his early grave, he still continued to perform his duty as Secretary of Father Taylor's little Bethel for Seamen — I feel gratified, as by a divine harmony, that John Albion Andrew, whom I reverently deem the most Christ-like of all war's ministers, should sleep in the same country graveyard where sleeps that old communion-bearing deacon of your church — that honest, stout old deacon — who, at the capitulation of Yorktown, by the order of his friend as well as commander, Washington, received the sword of Cornwallis! Major-General Benjamin Lincoln, of the army of the Revolution, and John Albion Andrew; twin patriots of the elder and the later time! God grant them rest!

To me, this covenanter spirit, this union of conscience and claymore, of sword and gospel, is sublime. So, in the will and inventory of Myles Standish, the great Puritan Captain, are recorded "three muskets with bandaleros" and "three old Bybles." Armed thus with faith and courage, men are girded with the sword of the Spirit, and become the Luthers and Loyolas of mankind.

That Gov. Andrew's ashes lie in the spot that he would choose, may be gathered from an address to his neighbors at Hingham. "How dear to my heart," he says, "are these fields, these hills, these spreading

trees, this verdant grass, this sounding shore before you, where now for fourteen years, through summer heat, and sometimes through winter storms, I have trod your streets, rambled through your woods, sauntered by your shores, sat by your firesides, and felt the warm pressure of your hands." "Here, too, dear friends, I have found the home of my heart." "Here, too, I have first known a parent's joy and a parent's sorrow." If immortality imply conscious identity with all its higher sympathies, who can doubt that congenial bonds still hold his steady heart to spirits of "just men made perfect" — to those of whom the record of this town is full, and from whose pure career he was wont to draw "example high" — men like Peter Hobart, the first settled minister, now dead two centuries, and who was forbidden by the magistrates to preach at a wedding, "because he was a bold man and would speak his mind;" the earlier patriotic men of Hingham, who died in Indian, French and English wars; the later dead, on whom, by vale and hillside, sea and river, your solemn doors have hardly closed — your fathers, brothers, lovers, sons — all equalized by death, all lighted up alike by cannon flash, all fondly folded to the breast of mourning motherland?

Life is worth nothing, if we cannot believe in the

possibility of such reunions, when the glories of life's night shine out.

"Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And, lo! creation widened in man's view.

"Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?"

With the exception of the five intense years of Governor Andrew's executive career, the facts of his short life may be briefly stated. Ten years have passed since the war of the great rebellion ended; and eight, this month of October, 1875, since he died. Long years of labor, bringing a ripe harvest of professional, social and political renown, preceded that period of his life which covered this State with her mantle of glory. Yet he died October 30, 1867, at the age of forty-nine.

He was born May 31, 1818, of an intelligent, refined and cultivated mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Greene Pierce, and whose ancestral family gave one President to the United States. The Governor's father, Jonathan Andrew, of South Windham,

Maine, was of Anglo-Saxon stock, settled for at least four generations in Massachusetts. John Albion Andrew graduated at Bowdoin College in 1837, with sufficient evidence that those best judges, his college mates, appreciated his talents. He studied law with Hon. Henry H. Fuller; and he was married December 25, 1848, to Miss Eliza Jones Hersey, a descendant of one of the oldest families of Hingham.

From a charming temper and surroundings his childhood seems full of happiness. Through life there was no loss of power by friction. Carbon has been well defined as "stored-up sunlight." And when we see the civil and military engines of a great Commonwealth moved for five years, with a power that astonished all her sister States and the world, by the mature energies of a man whose youth delighted in poetry, cheerful pursuits and the innocent pleasures of life, and whose whole career was love and charity to his fellow-men, we feel the beauty of an apt illustration, presented by the Reverend Elias Nason, in a felicitous memorial address before the New England Historic Genealogical Society, of which Governor Andrew, in addition to his other occupations, was president: "What impels that locomotive engine?" said the celebrated Stevenson to the Dean of Westminster one day. "Steam, to be sure, sir." — "No," replied the great inventor, "it is

the sunbeam God sent into the flowers." Mr. Nason rightly and eloquently adds these words in regard to Governor Andrew's "golden temper," that "it was the sunshine God sent into Mr. Andrew's happy heart that bore him through the battle-march of life."

It is not my intention to follow him through the labors that preceded his executive career. Our monument is to the War-Governor of Massachusetts. His reputation, as a sound and able lawyer, was confirmed before the war. His powers of wit, and logic, and eloquence were recognized. His moral daring was established. His political sympathies were open as the day. He was known to be an honest, dauntless, prompt and dangerous antagonist. And yet his advance into the fore-front of a debate where armies were the arguments, was so sudden, that he seemed instantly and constantly to grow beyond the world's opinion of his powers. "The Word," "The Thought," "The Power," "The Act," were developed as in the Study scene of Faust.

I feel that my only claim to speak to you of Governor Andrew to-day is that I once humbly served and ever after loved him. I would not extravagantly praise him. I would crave your permission to give my own measures of a man whose moral and intellectual altitude of political intuition dwarfed, to my

judgment, all his contemporaries, except Abraham Lincoln. Their trust in human nature, a trust which, in Governor Andrew at least, seemed to be the corollary of faith in God, gave them both prophetic insight. Both believed that one man, with the right, is a majority.

This faith, which in Governor Andrew's case had the true dogmatism of inspiration, gave his courage a healthy color. By this bold trust he saved Washington. On a memorable morning, when the first telegram for immediate aid had come, the State House was up in arms. The Adjutant General's office was overflowing. The rotunda was like a barrack. Rosters were examined to find the readiest troops for instant movement. The selections of detached and dislocated companies were nearly made, when, as the Governor was entering Doric Hall with an aide, the sharp words, "Colonel! won't the Governor send us? We want to go." — "What regiment?" — "The Sixth." — "Where is it?" — "Lowell and towns round about." — "When can you start?" — "Nine o'clock to-morrow," — caught the Governor's attention. He questioned the Adjutant, who was earnestly pleading for his regiment. But few words passed. The Adjutant General was notified; and "the Sixth" received the first baptism of blood! Farragut could

not have decided more promptly than this civilian who was first called to the helm in a hurricane.

Governor Andrew was as independent of favor as he was of fear. He had the excellent quality of resistance to the improper solicitation of those to whom he not only owed a part of his advancement, but whose sympathies were his own. In a memorable week in 1861, when the so-called conservative hostility to John Brown and his supporters was at a white heat, and violence was imminent, the Governor was earnestly solicited to preside at a meeting in honor of John Brown; that the executive presence might deter the mob from outrage. The solicitation was fervid and eloquent. In the evening that preceded the meeting at which his assistance was requested, the Governor, with a single staff officer, went by appointment to give a final answer to the request. A small but solemn conclave of earnest men like himself awaited his coming.

After kind greeting and hearing a few words from some of them, Governor Andrew spoke, with as much emotion as comported with firmness, nearly as follows: "You know, my friends, how dear this cause of anti-slavery has been and is to my heart. You know how we have hoped and prayed and toiled together. You know what I think of John Brown as a man, and how surely I believe that his memory as a martyr will

remain when constitutions shall be forgotten. You know how keenly I should feel reproach from you, my coadjutors, for any supposed recreancy to a cause, when official position, that I owe in great measure to my advocacy of it, gives me, as you think, power to serve it. But perhaps you do not feel as I feel, how much easier it is to inveigh against a public officer, when we are not responsible for the administration of his office, than it is to properly administer an office which is a trust for all the people of the State. With all sympathy with the anti-slavery cause, and believing all that I have said of John Brown to be true, and with all affection and respect for you, I cannot, as a magistrate, so far forget the trust reposed in me by the Commonwealth as to expose her highest executive office to indignity and reproach by presiding at a meeting convoked to celebrate an act which I, as a lawyer, know is technically treason."

Some doubting hearts in Maryland were brought into closer sympathy with him and the Federal cause by a report of this conference. We must recollect the intensity of his sympathies, the issue on which he had been elected, and the increasing public sentiment that no forbearance could prevent an irrepressible conflict.

We must recollect all this if we would justly estimate his struggle and victory over himself.

With the caution of a lawyer, all the zeal of a re-

former, and the fidelity of a patriot, he watched the blackening tempest that commenced in 1861. To rightly measure his caution and his courage we must reverse for fifteen years the wheel of time, and place ourselves by the side of the men and opinions of that day.

It is with no disposition to wake again the feelings of that hour, that I recall this condition of opinion. A million of Americans, whether fighting under the diverse teachings of Webster or Calhoun, for State or Nation, have sealed with blood their patriotic faith in that which each army respectively believed to be the supreme mother-land. Federal and Confederate soldiers have clasped each other's hands, and heaven's equal sunlight falls on every grave. We both did our best. God decided between us, and our strife is finished forever.

But such a disposition to forget the past as would draw a veil over its facts, to the confusing of the clean-cut features of a historical character, would be both injustice and ingratitude. Happy would it be for us all, no doubt, if we could abolish the day of judgment. But the ultimate just decision of this world is a ghost that will never down. If days and weeks be false to it, years may be more true. And if years be barren, the patient centuries will wait till the historian shall clear away the dust, and, unlocking the

archives of some Simanca, bring the eternal truth to light. If a supreme moral power rule the universe, statesmen, big or little, must bear the penalty that history will impose and never remit, if in a momentous crisis of their country they have been found on the wrong side of the Lord.

To the rising generation who hear of the War of the Great Rebellion, — who see in the State Capitol a marble statue of the Great War-Governor by the side of her victorious, battle-frayed standards ; to the young, who have seen Sumner buried by the State, and Lincoln wept by the world, — it is not easy to portray the moral courage of these men, or to give an idea of the social hostility and ridicule that assailed their opinions. A large number of patriotic and influential citizens, with whom a favorite high-sounding phrase was "broad-statesmanship," honestly deemed all abolitionists to be traitors. Highly respectable patriots cut Charles Sumner in the street, and derisively held up their hands at the uncouth name "Abe Lincoln."

So probably the Roman knights and dames, who religiously attended public worship in the Pantheon, smiled at a spiritual delusion of the common people down somewhere in Judea, and shuddered at the wild and wicked vagaries of those whom Tacitus describes as "malefactors," known in the age of

Nero for "their vices and their sullen hatred of all mankind;" as "miscreants," called "Christiani" from their ringleader, Christus, whom a former Roman Governor named Pontius Pilate had crucified. But to us who, eighteen centuries later, read that ringleader's words, "Blessed are the merciful;" "Blessed are the pure in heart," it is as surprising to know that the philosophic historian, Tacitus, considered the Christians "miscreants," as it will be for the future to learn from the files of old newspapers that the anti-slavery leaders were traitors and Charles Sumner a bad citizen.

But it was at a time when many honest and patriotic men thus thought of them that Governor Andrew took the executive chair. The opposition to him still wielded a great, though waning, social power. Respectable men did not entirely frown on the attempt of mobs to crush out anti-slavery discussion. The Southern railroads had been, for some time, withdrawing their rolling stock, to facilitate the transportation of troops and war material. The South intended that the northern section should furnish the field of battle, and that northern households should be divided among themselves. It was of infinite importance to us, on the other hand, if war must come, that the line of battle should be crowded to the Southern States. We were resting on a magazine,

which an accidental collision between free speech and mob law, in Boston, might explode into a domestic civil war at the North. Some men acted with criminal recklessness of the heart-breaking issue involved. Some acted pusillanimously, with a criminal disregard of the Bill of Rights. To Governor Andrew belongs the honor, that during these long weeks of suspense before Sumter was battered, while he used, as Lord Bacon advises, the hundred eyes of Argus to watch, he was getting in readiness the hundred arms of Briareus to strike. Diplomatic in avoiding any domestic collisions in Massachusetts, he held Magna Charta and all the rights that Anglo-Saxon liberty has won, dearer than peace. With patient labor and constant prayer for light, and that the cup of trial might pass from him, the summons to repress a mob would have found him ready. He was prepared to do his whole duty as a Chief Magistrate; and would have exhausted the military power of the Commonwealth, under the light that was vouchsafed him at the solemn hour, leaving something, trustingly, for God himself to do. We may well apply Goethe's grand words to John Albion Andrew in that hour:—

> "No test or trial you evaded;
> A helping God the helper aided."

This was the secret of his composure on a memorable occasion in 1861, which was made the subject of legislative investigation under oath. If I dwell upon it, for a moment, it is because this was a turning point in the history of liberty. When a riotous mob, invading the undoubted right of free speech, threatened bloodshed in Boston, the municipal authorities stopped an *indiscreet* discussion, by closing the doors of a *legal* meeting in Tremont Temple. No one, so familiar as Governor Andrew was with the history of the freedom of speech, as set forth by the great lawyers who cluster around the name of that martyr of English liberty, the first Lord St. Germains, could fail to see, in this act, "pernicious precedent." To avert it, the Governor promptly stated his readiness to call out the State troops upon municipal requisition. Much as he dreaded domestic civil war, he cherished more the chartered rights of mankind. Willing as he was to defend these, he respected all the forms of constitutional law. No entreaty of lifelong friends, that he should intervene without the municipal requisition, prevailed. He acutely suffered; for he felt how sharply, through the impotence that our jealousy of the one-man power infuses into our statutes, liberty of speech had been stabbed. To comprehend the full measure of his

prudence, we must remember the hour: it was the dawn of civil war.

The most terrible surprises — of peace — do not justify departure from the statute. Society must take the consequences of its own folly, in having divided among several the extraordinary powers and functions intended for great emergencies, when events, changing with the speed of a whirlwind, require such instantaneous choice of methods and simultaneous execution as can only exist in the judgment and will of the one-man power. But, when civil war is in the air, and the highest opinions are conflicting, the inherent right of revolution in the people imposes a correlative duty of promptness on a ruler. In our reverence for statutes and precedents, we cannot emphasize too strongly the first of the words immortalized at Gettysburg — "GOVERNMENT of the people, by the people, for the people." A mob is neither *for* nor *by* the *people*, and is no factor in GOVERNMENT. The ruler who, when statutes fail to guide, or co-ordinates fail to act, promptly throws himself on the right of society to exist, will be a Jackson; and he who hesitates will be a Buchanan — in history. In judging of Governor Andrew's claim to praise for patient prudence, we must remember that *mobs* existed; a sacred right, especially dear to his sympathies, was invaded by a

force *revolutionary;* co-ordinates *failed* to use the powers at command; and civil war *was* in all the air.

With all his resolution, he had a most sensitive regard for human suffering and human life. Indeed, he held the last so sacred, that, in the memorable case of a convicted murderer, he came, more nearly than by any of his public acts, to incur the censure of his friends, that he forgot the words of the Bill of Rights: "The Executive shall never exercise the legislative or judicial powers or either of them . . . . to the end it may be a Government of laws and not of men." But he based his action on a then undecided point of law, and defended his opinion by an able argument, to show a defect in the conviction. He was not generally disposed to do over or undo the work of other departments; and often inveighed against the too frequent and slovenly manner in which a cruel burden was imposed by convictions, accompanied with recommendations to mercy and petitions for pardon.

His tenderness, especially for soldiers and their families, was too marked to be forgotten. From the moment that he dispatched his well-known telegram, that the bodies of our soldiers slain in Baltimore be cared for "tenderly," he was, till their arrival, nervously excited. And when the story was told him, how tearful women clustered around the School-

street entrance of King's Chapel, in the vaults of which the bodies awaited identification; how one poor woman sank on the pavement floor; how others went away with streaming eyes, thankful that the dead were not their own; how others, afraid to trust their hearts to meet the test, gave us the photographs, which, by the flickering light in the dark vault, we were to compare with the pale, discolored faces,— no one could doubt that John Albion Andrew was the tender father of the people.

And yet, through all the grief and shame that attended our first shock of arms, his high-hearted hope and cheerful ways inspired us all. His voice and laughter were a defiant cheer to fate.

His sense of fun crops out even in grave discussions. One smiles, for instance, in reading a long law argument in a veto message to the Senate, "in relation to Jurors," at his suggestion, that the returned bill might operate to exclude from that bulwark of liberty — the jury — as persons unfit to serve on juries "by reason of being engaged in pursuits made criminal by statute" — all who fish "out of season," or sell "nuts except by dry measure."

Even on this occasion the memory of his witty words, laughter that was almost articulate with mirth, and his cheery shout of merriment at some pronounced absurdity, reminds me how much his

sunshine lightened labor in these early days of the rebellion; when matters were so hurried that the aides would follow the soldiers of moving regiments down the steps, to tighten some buckle of belt or knapsack, or to thrust percussion caps into the pocket! In the offices, crammed to suffocation with every applicant and contrast—the charitable and the selfish, the sublime and the grotesque—there was food for mirth as well as sadness. There were sutlers seeking an outfit; and saints with bandages and lint; English officers tendering their service, and our regulars giving good advice; inventors of new-fangled guns, pistols and sabres, only dangerous to their possessor, and which the inventors, to our great joy, threatened to sell to the Confederacy if we did not buy them; gentlemen far gone into consumption, desiring gentle horseback exercise in the cavalry; ladies, offering to sew for us; needle-women, begging us "not to let ladies take the bread from soldiers' wives;" philanthropists, telling us that Confederate workmen, in our arsenals, were making up cartridges with black sand instead of powder; saddlers, proposing sole-leather cuirasses shaped like the top of a coffin; bands of sweet-eyed, blushing girls bringing in nice long night-gowns "for the poor soldiers," or more imaginative garments, "fearfully and wonderfully made," redolent of patriotism and innocence,

embroidered with the Stars and Stripes, and too big for Goliath.

Until the patriotic men and women of the State, with that noble friend of the soldiers, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, methodized our charities, and the business of war was referred to its proper departments,— each day brought its overwhelming confusion of charitable, military and medical suggestions, deputations and individuals, butchers, bakers, saddlers, gun-makers, wagon-masters, horse-dealers, nuns, nurses, and chaplains. At one moment the eyes would fill with tears at some heart-breaking story, or the self-sacrificing offer of some angel of light; and at the next, some comical or selfish proposal would chase all the tears away.

The Governor's toil in these first throes of national anguish knew no distinction of hours, or night, or day. Long after midnight, or when the gas would blend its sickly flame with the first gray of morning, he would still be busy with his pen; or, if worn out with the night's mental labor, he would suddenly appear in Faneuil or some other hall, where regiment or company, quartered over night, and trying to sleep amid the tumult of wagon deliveries, and the opening of boxes, was hurrying on the new accoutrements and straggling into line. When he was recognized, the rousing cheer that would greet him from

the *blue-coated* men, swelled his heart and took away all sting from the derision which his practical foresight had excited among those, and they are many, who

"—— to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

The like foresight led him, without the delay that less earnest and more selfish men would have consulted, to provide in advance, war stores and ordnance, which were soon necessary. It is touching to read in some of his messages to the Legislature an allusion to certain expenditures made "without authority of law," but which he leaves to their candor.

The like prescience induced him, in advance of all statesmen, to urge upon the National Government the then astonishing enrolment of six hundred thousand men.

My recollections are confined to the earliest period of the war. What labor, assisted by his able and loyal aides and secretaries, he afterwards accomplished, the pen of that faithful and indefatigable Adjutant General, William Schouler, eloquently tells. Governor Andrew's valedictory words, in praise of Massachusetts, have a glorious ring: "Having contributed to the army and navy, including regulars, volunteers, seamen and marines, men of all arms and officers of all grades, and of the various terms of

service, an aggregate of one hundred and fifty-nine thousand one hundred and sixty-four men; and having expended for the war out of her own treasury twenty-seven million seven hundred and five thousand one hundred and nine dollars, besides the expenditures of her cities and towns, she has maintained, by the unfailing energy and economy of her sons and daughters, her industry and thrift, even in the waste of war. She has paid promptly, and *in gold*, all interest on her bonds, including the old and the new, guarding her faith and honor with every public creditor, while still fighting the public enemy; and now, at last, in retiring from her service, I confess the satisfaction of having first seen all her regiments and batteries (save two battalions) returned and mustered out of the army; and of leaving her treasury provided for by the fortunate and profitable negotiation of all the permanent loan needed or foreseen, with her financial credit maintained at home and abroad, her public securities unsurpassed, if even equalled in value in the money market of the world, by those of any State or of the nation."

His eyes have rested on every regiment of this Commonwealth. His heart has hoped and prayed for every soldier and sailor of the State. Every thrilling memory of our standards was as dear to him as to us. Every disappointment or complaint, every

defeat, every hope deferred, every bereavement of the loyal hearts which he had urged to an effort that had crumbled for them into despair, wounded his proud and sensitive nature with a sense of personal responsibility akin to reproach. Feeling, as he did, that the Almighty was waging this war — not that this or that flag might fly aloft — but for the rights of mankind — for the equalization of men — the inertness of the public mind, the sluggishness with which government adopted the policy of emancipation, was profoundly saddening. But, without abating a jot of his assurance, he labored through darkness as if it were day. While Abraham Lincoln was resting his broad hand on the great heart of the people, and confidently waiting for its throb, Governor Andrew was crowding all the force of opinion to swell that heart with the purpose of emancipation.

That, under a government of universal suffrage, this pure and positive man should have been continued in power for five successive years, affords both food for the highest hope, and for profound melancholy; for hope, because we see how wise and trustful the people can be under a solemnizing emergency, when they know a momentous issue is before them; for melancholy, when we reflect that the social questions which confront us always, and on which our life as a representative republic depends, are not momentous

enough to prevent those contemptible jealousies of town, country, clique, society, or sect, which often compel us to pass over some really first-rate man who would accept office for a noble purpose; or which prevent us from continuing able servants in power long enough to effect that purpose.

The labor that Governor Andrew performed, in the patient, lawyer-like examination and discussion of nearly two thousand public and private acts and resolves, shows what one first-rate man can do in legislation. Yet the nation is paying an enormous sum to many thousand tenth-rate legislators in the various States of the whole Union, to make different laws for a common country — though conflict of laws is every day becoming more and more an evil — and though a microscopic eye for local legislative interests is incapable of the broad vision necessary for national statesmanship.

Governor Andrew's five years of office show how unnecessary it is to constantly pull the safety-valve of annual election, provided only that we elect a servant of first-rate ability and honesty, a man grand enough to be trusted with power over night. The annual election of a governor is not only a very extravagant waste of time and money, but the shortness of the term defeats high purpose; and a man without a high purpose toward some public end

ought not to be nominated. Society always has a momentous issue before it. The constitution is always moving with the spirit of the age and overtaking some enlarged interpretation of human rights. Though the interests of the State, and the development of the second step of the republic, demanded Governor Andrew's continuance in office during the war, there were many place-hunters in his party, who, at each election, thought "a new man" would be desirable. No proof is wanted that the interests of the State may often demand permanency, while the interests of place-hunters always demand change. For them government is not a high trust for the people, a vicegerency of God; but a sort of feeding-trough where power is to be subdivided as much as possible, that each aspirant may for an instant taste it. These small ambitions are bringing us rapidly face to face with a momentous issue, the power of petty, self-seeking men, frequently changed, to wisely govern voting, arm-bearing, half-educated, dissatisfied masses. Place-hunters cannot do it. The task requires men of the Andrew stamp, men with hearts as broad as humanity, and hands as strong as law. The third step of the republic, to be taken in our second century now before us, will test both the human sympathies and firmness of our rulers.

To have had one such Executive as John Albion Andrew is a liberal education in politics. A better understanding of the gospel spirit of our constitution, and of the high possibilities of a republic when guided for a long time by intelligence, charity, honesty and vigor, results from a contemplation of his character.

Lord Brougham closes a memoir with these words, which draw the heart of the New England to the Old: "Until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington." In a similar spirit of respect to another public servant, whose work has been magnificently done, may it be said that the regard which Massachusetts pays to John Albion Andrew will be a test of her progress in executive wisdom, strength and purity.

Grateful not merely for the service of a representative Executive, but grateful for an example of intelligent democracy to the world — an example of the wisdom with which the people, under a deep sense of peril, can select, and of the safety with which they can, for five years of power, trust — a ruler so selected — we leave his ashes and his monument in fond, respectful hands.

The intercession of saints is a delightful faith;

and if the blood of martyrs may avail, for every sod that marks a Massachusetts soldier's grave, a prayer ascends that the blessing of God mayfollow, through the mysterious path of immortality, that brave and generous soul, whose earthly life was ever sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind.

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